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# THE ALLIANCE GLEANER.

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### MY LIBRARY.

As one who pines on a rock,  
The lark and the dove and the thrush's home,  
And feels the ripples round his flock,  
Then comes the foam  
And glides through cool, pellucid ways,  
Where crescent moons and shining lines  
And stars of diamonds, low lays  
Of cherubim  
And marvels at the wondrous scene,  
The rales upon rales hurled,  
The moving hosts, the darling scene,  
The awful world.  
Then rises, watching first some gem,  
Some token of his sojourn there,  
And brings a dewy diadem  
From the sun and the moon.  
And in the sunlight, with the sigh  
Of sea winds whistling in his ears,  
Views his fond treasure till his eye  
Is dim with tears.  
So, where in lordly sweeping bays,  
In distant dark retiring woods,  
Stretches before my eager gaze  
This sea of books.  
I press and draw one fervent breath,  
The plunge and send me away  
Into deep waters still as death,  
Yet clear as day,  
To move by bowlers of the past,  
By caves where father dimly purp  
Gleams the future, all the vast  
Of literature.  
Then to return to life above,  
From regions where but few have trod,  
Bring a gem of longer love,  
From the sun and the moon.  
—L. J. G. in Blackwood's Magazine.

### A DESERT DREAM.

Of the four who had steamed past the Needles and away under the low back of the Dorsetshire coast six months before only two were left. Of these two Lee-Carson was the worse case.

The fever mist was drawn like a silk-cobweb low across the swamp, hiding the black eyes shaped pools and the variegated pretence of rotting vegetation. The heavy air hung with the shrill pinning of wild gnat changing their haunts and the ceaseless "trout, trout" of the bullfrogs in the quagmires round.

The two men were making a fire on a dark green ridge somewhat raised above the chilling level of the marsh. "The mist is rising," said Lee-Carson. "Oh, for a sixth story attic!" "It's better to go and about something before it gets any higher," said the other man. "What was it you knocked over down there?" nodding back at the swamp. "Only a long beaked atrocity, species unknown. A brace of duck or a wild-geese would suit us better."

"Give me flesh and not fowl, the oozed back, mud-breasted progeny of this forsaken swamp! Give me corned beef or German sausage, for I'm sick of feathers!" "These more days should do it," remarked Grammel cheerfully, with a broad optimistic glance westward, where, however, there was no reassuring break in the dead sea-like level of the horizon, above which brooded a sullen sunset.

"Then go on and leave me here with food and ammunition. You can come back for me if you wish."

"I'm not sorry," he replied. "Besides I'll be starting presently." "Take it off," was the peremptory rejoinder. "Let me make up the fire first," said Grammel, temporizing, but he was sed further argument, for the fever was gaining upon the sick man.

"What's that?" exclaimed Lee-Carson nervously, struggling to sit up. "They're coming. That's the tramping of the hoofs," said Grammel, with a vague wish that there was a hoof within 200 miles of them. "You might try to rest now."

Lee-Carson made no reply, but sank back obediently on his blankets, where he lay moaning and muttering in an uneasy half-consciousness. Thus the night wore on. Then because the desolation was so intense Grammel began to grumble. His voice rang like a minor undertone through the resonant booming of the bitterns and the harsh chorus of the frogs in the pools and ferns around them.

"Half this tobacco soaked," he said, smiling contemptuously at the end of his hand, "and the rest tastes like smoked porridge steam, but I suppose it's better than breathing in this fetid fog in its native nastiness. Pah, it's chilly too! I don't think." "He stopped."

Lee-Carson was singing, a broken line or two at first; then his voice rang out clearly: "Thus, as the spreading ocean Oursers a sandy coast,  
Each tide has been as further,  
To man a lonely coast,  
It's only doggerel," he went on, with a weak laugh, "but it warms a man's back, and it's true. I tell you it's true!"

The big man opposite sat very still and listened. Lee-Carson ran on in the feeble monotone of delirium: "Fordison and Chester died, you know—wiped out with fever. Fordison died first, at dawn—a wet, low dawn only as high as the tops of the trees. That was in the forest when we were making for higher ground, and Grammel—good old Grammel—buried him and planted a rock on his chest."

"I don't understand," said the sick man gently. "You don't know who they are? They're the frontier men of England, and their recruiting sergeant's death! Don't you remember?" "They ride for ever up and down To guard the land they won. Don't you see them? Don't you see them now? They're calling me, and I can't go! Oh, the morning of life is sweet, but this is better! The end is coming, Grammel; it's coming fast!"

He lay down again, moaning, and Grammel mixed much brandy with a little milk and water and gave it to him. In a little while Lee-Carson moved, his face distorted in the torchlight of the fire as he shouted huskily: "Fordison, Chester, stop, I'm coming. I shan't be long, and then we'll ride together. Grammel will come, too some day. He'll never die before sheets, good old Grammel. I wonder if he'll ride 16 stone as a ghost?"

He laughed out suddenly, and Grammel snickered in his beard: "You've got it bad—very bad." "We'll ride past our graves together and scare the beasts. We'll gallop into the sunset. Who's with you? Oakwood and Tommy Brown, all of them," and in his delirious transport he tore the blankets from him. I have known him do that, the moon and stars and ships rushing through the arteries of the world, but this is better than all."

Grammel had started up and was listening intently. Still the voice, strained from exertion, rang on. "They start with us on our expeditions, they beat our armies. The frontier men of England. Be-enforced in every border fizzle—by the bulge—by the stab—by the swamp fever. You at home, you needn't weep!" He ceased to peer anxiously out into the gloom of the swamp. "Are you there, you fellows? I can't see you. That's all right. No one dies alone in the waste or the desert. You're always there to see him die. I wish I'd told Grammel, he'd tell the world. At every advance of the fever, and when we die no man is left to die alone. They're always there—waiting." It almost seemed to Grammel that he could hear the tramping hoofs of that shadowy squadron.

A chill wind stirred the vapors of the marsh. "I smell the dawn," Lee-Carson raised his head. "I'm coming with the dawn. I know how it will rise, like the wet glistening side of a white bull over the sudden rim of the marshes. Oh, the glory of it!" He raised his head and when he passed away into the unknown and died on the edge of the flood. All of them.

"Forever riding up and down To guard the land they won. And when Armageddon comes they'll be there, the glory of the ages. The men who were planted with a stone on their chests to mark the frontiers of the world."

### SHORT NEWS STORIES.

#### He Had to Think—Still at the Old Stand—His Age Betrayed Him.

Concerning Two Boundaries.

"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross examination, "will you please state how and where you first met this man?" "I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was—"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man."

"Come, come," urged the lawyer. "I demand an answer to my question. Tell no response from the witness."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the court, "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."

"The witness will please answer the question," said the court in impressive tones.

### ANIMATED PHOTOGRAPHS.

Successful Use of the Cinematograph in Teaching Astronomy.

The Paris correspondent of the London Standard says: When the first animated photographs were shown, few persons could have imagined that the cinematograph would shortly be used as a means of teaching astronomy.

As there is no cinematographic machine which could work from sunset to sunrise and as the apparent movement of the celestial bodies is very slow, M. Flammarion contents himself with taking between 2,000 and 3,000 photographs of the firmament every night when the sky is clear. He contends that they will be amply sufficient to show the motion of the moon, stars and planets without any perceptible loss in the continuity. It appears that the object glass employs in his photographic apparatus is such as to embrace 180 degrees, so that the whole firmament will be seen when the photographs are put into the cinematograph.

M. Flammarion also told me that it was his intention to treat the spots on the sun in the same way and that he hoped very shortly to be able with the cinematograph to show to the inhabitants of our little planet the movements of those formidable vortices of fire in the sun's envelope as correctly as the movement of water and the breaking of the waves of the ocean are now shown.

### STUDIES IN LIGHTNING.

Intensity and Quantity as Shown by Recent Researches.

According to the recent researches of Professor Trowbridge, the intensity and quantity of the electric current of a lightning flash is a prime factor in determining the particular character of the luminosity. He has been able to reproduce a great variety of forms of lightning, such as have been photographed from time to time, by proper alterations in his apparatus.

### FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN.

THE SAN JOSE SCALE.

Treatment Advised by the Entomologist of the New Jersey Station.

The treatment suggested by J. B. Smith, entomologist of the New Jersey station, for the San Jose scale is in brief: Winter treat badly infested trees with either soap or kerosene, according to circumstances, and follow by one, two or three summer treatments, as may be found necessary. Whole oil soap is safer to trees in average hands than kerosene and should be used where it is likely to prove effective for that reason.

When trees and scales are dormant, the winter treatment is begun. If the trees are young and not in bearing, with smooth bark, paint the trunks and larger branches so far as they can be reached with white oil soap. In March, strength and again treat the trunk with the spray. In February or March trim out carefully and cut every twig and branch that the tree can safely spare.

The object of this trimming is to get rid of young small spurs and twigs that are most difficult to reach with the spray and which would be most likely to harbor isolated scales.

This treatment will kill all but a very small percentage of scales, and some trees will be entirely cleared. Thereafter, the scales should be closely watched in early June. About the 15th of that month a very careful search should be made for crawling larvae. Every tree on which even one larva is seen should be marked and treated with either whole oil soap, a pound in a gallon of water, or the mechanical mixture of kerosene and water, put on with an emulsion sprayer. If the winter and spring treatments were carefully made, few trees should need one in fall, and one year of careful work should clean any orchard of young scales from scales.

### ITEMS IN ONION CULTURE.

Popular Varieties For Market—Yield Per Acre—The Transplanting System.

"What are the best varieties of market onions? Do you recommend the transplanting system referred to in Bulletin No. 10, 'Onion Culture,' of the United States department of agriculture? These queries from Mason county, Ill., are answered by Country Gentleman as follows:

The most popular varieties of onions for market are: White—Southport White Globe; red—Large Red Wethershead; yellow—Yellow Globe Danvers. There are others, but the above are considered the most profitable. Yellow onions being greatest in demand, the Globe Danvers variety, owing to its uniform shape, bright color and excellent quality, is most generally accepted as the standard. It will keep better than any other kind, and even if accidentally frozen in storage, if more covering is added and it is left alone until thoroughly thawed, it will come out little the worse for its experience. The writer has grown no other variety in Mason county, Ill., for 12 years. Much of the success of the crop depends upon the quality and freshness of the seed sown. It is better to pay \$1 a pound more for a selected strain of a reliable seedhouse than to be fooled by cheap seed. Northern grown seed is preferable to California.

"In the yield of onions per acre there is a very wide range, from 200 to 1,000 bushels, and these numbers are not quite the extreme either, for occasionally a crop of 1,200 bushels is heard of, and it is by no means uncommon to see crops of less than 200 bushels. But a man who can average 500 to 600 may consider himself a successful onion grower, while 400 to 500 is a very fair crop. The width of the rows, the quality and quantity (varying from four to six pounds per acre) of seed sown, the adaptability of the soil and the extent to which it is fertilized, the attention given to cleanliness and cultivation—these are the factors governing the size of the crop.

The transplanting system has many advocates, principally among the younger growers; the older hands seem content with their success by the usual method. The chief advantage appears to be that the crop can be secured early, as a time when the price is at its highest. On the other hand, there is much extra labor attached to the transplanting plan, though if the land is prepared beforehand and kept stirred with the harrow or other implement so as to destroy all sprouting weed seeds much less weeding will be required. The plants are once set. It is said also that the yield is larger and the bulbs are more uniform in size, but against this must be charged the expense of sowing in cold frames or both (if very early onions are desired, the planting of roots in cold frames before setting and the transplanting itself, the last a job of some magnitude when done on a large scale. The varieties named above are well adapted to transplanting, but the Prize Taker, on account of its large size, is the favorite for the purpose. It is a weak root earlier. The best produced by the fermentation of fresh manure, stable litter, forest leaves or other convenient material will still further hasten the product. Sometimes a few pieces of wood are set close together under the bottom rim of the barrel to secure as a lid and to allow the escape of steam which might injure the young shoots. If it is worth your while to study the daily changes, you might use a box with a movable cover. I have never heard of any other method of forcing rhubarb plants in a small way where they stand." Thus writes a contributor to Rural New Yorker. He adds:

"On a large scale some modification of the same principle must be used, such as that suggested by the Rural New Yorker. The cultivation of the two crops is the same in all essentials. The forcing of either crop under glass involves an entirely different principle—viz, the hurrying out of all the vitality stored up in the roots, the chafed stems being thrown away. The forcing of plants where they stand involves the principle that plants forced in the field must be allowed every advantage to recuperate. These are the only two methods. Other so called methods are merely variations in practice adapted to local conditions."